

INTER NOS

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J. M. J.

Editorial

This December issue of Inter Nos conveys a message to the Quarterly's subscribers, contributors and well wishers, as the President and Faculty of Mount St. Mary's extend their Christmas greetings. May the Christ Child have for each of you a special gift according to your needs; may Christmas and the New Year be happy for you and all whom you love.

In this number we continue the diary recordings of Mrs. Clem, whose interesting description of a European trip has received most favorable comment. The series will be concluded in the March number.

Perhaps you have recognized the Grass Valley visitors as Sister Ignatia and Sister Celestine. Grass Valley has been on the map since early pioneer days. There is still some gold under its surface real estate. As articles descriptive of travel seem popular among our readers, if you would like to see yourself in print send yours in.

December's feasts are many—on the 8th, the Immaculate Conception, on the 18th the Expectation of the Blessed Virgin, on the 21st St. Thomas, Apostle, on the 26th St. Stephen, proto martyr, on the 28th the Holy Innocents. As you say an extra prayer on these feasts, remember to include a petition for the needs of Mount Saint Mary's College.

SISTER DOLOROSA

Our European Trip

MY DIARY

By Mrs. K. C. Clem—An Alumna

July 29

We left Amsterdam at 7:15 a.m. and boarded our train for a fifteen hour ride to Lucerne, Switzerland. We were all a bit apprehensive about this long train ride but felt much better when we saw our roomy and comfortable compartments. There are thirty-three of us on this tour and as we become better acquainted we have a great deal of fun together. A family from Boston joined us in London. They have a very lovely girl 16 years old, and Barbara and Carol are delighted. They have a grand time together. The train just ahead of ours was filled with French and Italian Boy Scouts on their way to a holiday in Switzerland. Their leader could speak English and the youngsters kept him busy interpreting for them.

This has been a most interesting ride, in that we passed from Holland to Belgium, from there to Luxembourg, from Luxembourg to France, and from France to Switzerland. At each boundary there was a custom's inspection, very simple, just a routine checking of passports and a few questions. The meals have been very fine, and we are like a bunch of children with our noses flattened against the windows so as not to miss a single thing.

We were all charmed by Luxembourg, it is exactly like the pictures in a fairy-tale book; at any moment we expected to see a knight in shining armor, riding his white charger down the winding cobble-stone streets. We were all saddened, too, at the grim evidence of devastating air-raids—Strassbourg especially was just a shell of a city.

We arrived at Lucerne at midnight—a tired, sooty, grimy, and sleepy bunch. We were taken by boat across Lake Lucerne and then by cable-car 1000 ft. up to our hotel, which was perched a-top a mountain. The cable-car was a new experience for all of us, and some of the group were pretty scared (including me). I had to put on a brave front because Barbara and Carol were hanging on to me for dear life, and had I acted anything but casual, they would have jumped off. We couldn't see much when we arrived, but we all felt the exhilaration of the clear, clean mountain air, and thrilled to the beauty of the star-studded sky. We were even more thrilled at the luxury of a nice hot bath and the wonderful beds with their huge down-filled pillows and puffs. We had the sensation of floating on a cloud as we dropped off to sleep to the accompaniment of tinkling cow-bells from the distant valleys.

July 30

We slept until 10:30 a.m. and then were treated to a sight of breathtaking beauty. From the balcony of our room we saw deep blue

Lake Lucerne sparkling beneath us and all around us magnificent mountains, trees and meadows. There aren't enough adjectives to describe this country—it is heavenly! Our hotel, the Burgenstock, seems to be perched on top of the world and is unbelievably luxurious; the rugs, furniture, chandeliers, and flowers are like a movie set, they are so lavish. This room in which I am writing is furnished in the period of Louis XVI. When I realize that all this had to be transported to this dizzy height I am impressed with the engineering genius of the Swiss people. We had breakfast on a terrace which surrounds a lovely patio and fountain.

In the afternoon we were taken back into Lucerne for a tour of the city. As we boarded the cable-car for the descent to the Lake, we got scared all over again—what a drop—what if the 1-inch cable should break. Halfway down, one of our group (very unpopular) announced in a loud voice that he had read, only a week before, that a cable did break, the car crashed to the bottom, killing all the passengers. That character stood there and actually enjoyed watching our complexions turn to varying shades of green and liverish yellow. The boatride across the lake did much to revive us and we thoroughly enjoyed our tour of Lucerne. We were intrigued with the chalets and their wide-slatted shutters, the covered bridges and old stone watch-towers. One of the covered bridges built in 1402 had a very fine series of murals, depicting death in every walk of life. We saw the Panorama, a huge and remarkable painting, and the famous Monument of the Lion. It was at this point that we realized just how much the children were learning from the trip. As we stood before the Monument of the Lion and our guide told that it had been erected in honor of the Swiss Guards who lost their lives in the Villa of Versailles when the mob of Paris came for Queen Marie Antoinette both girls got very excited. As soon as he finished, they turned to their friend from Boston and recounted to her, in amazing detail, all the splendors of Versailles, and that they had stood on the very spot where the Guards were killed. Then when the guide told that since that unfortunate event the Swiss Guards were forbidden to work for anyone but the Holy Father at Vatican City, they glowed with pride and eager anticipation at the thought of meeting these Guards when we reached Rome.

Of course, we were all anxious to do some shopping for watches, clocks and music boxes. We bought each girl a shock-proof, water-proof watch and I have never seen them so excited. It was my turn to get excited when we bought a musical Christmas tree stand and a hand-carved cuckoo clock.

On the boat ride back across the lake everyone was proudly and excitedly displaying his purchases. We were so busy that we were half way across before we realized that Barbara was piloting the launch. She did a fine job of it considering that the official pilot could speak no English and she had no knowledge of Swiss or German—seems that their sign language was more than adequate.

The food is very good, to me it is just like being home. I know we are very close to the country where mother was born, because I recognize so many of the dishes she used to fix. When we were served "Swmarm" for lunch I had to swallow real hard a time or two and choke back a tear before I could eat it; it brought back so many memories of home.

July 31

We had a leisurely morning strolling in the beautiful gardens and mountain paths, listening to the tinkling of the cowbells in the distance, browsing in the little shops adjacent to the hotel. After luncheon we crossed the lake to Alpnachstad, and from there took the cog-railway and funicular to the top of Mt. Pilatus. Our hotel cable-car seemed a very tame Tinker-Town trolley in comparison, but we found ourselves becoming accustomed to these great heights and even enjoying the ride. The mountainside was covered with lovely wild-flowers which seemed to be growing right out of the rocks, tiny blue-bells and marguerites.

After being deposited on Pilatus we climbed even higher on a steep circular path to the very top. We were all breathing heavily as the air is quite thin. The top was enveloped in a dark cloud and there was no vegetation; only the scars of giant glaciers. Despite the cloud, the view below us was magnificent; lake after lake, and city after city were visible. We could see the five fingers of Lake Lucerne stretched out like a giant hand; the boats looking like tiny white specks on her surface, while the towns looked like toy villages. Up there in the thin clear air, you could catch, more than ever, the symphony of the bells, sounding at times like a full orchestra, and again like the dainty tinkling of little music boxes. We were told that the Swiss file their cow-bells to varying degrees of thickness to create these delightful sound effects.

As we motored back across the calm sparkling waters of Lake Lucerne, we gave vent to our buoyant good spirits by joining together in a Community song-fest. The Swiss Alps echoed the strains of Yankee Doodle and Deep in the Heart of Texas. Our Pilot turned the boat over to Barbara and clapped his hands and sang along with us.

In the evening we were invited to a cocktail party to celebrate one of the Doctor's birthdays. The party was held in the Royal suite, all decorated in furnishing of French Empire period—simply gorgeous. We all sat out on the wide balcony and watched the sun set in a ball of fire into the deep shadows of the purple mountains. It was the quietest, yet one of the nicest parties we ever attended—we were all too overwhelmed by the beauty around us to do much talking.

August 1

We left Lucerne at 8:30 a.m. heading for Interlaken by way of the Furka Pass. We docked at Weggis and there transferred to a very

fine bus for our trip up through the pass. On the way our guide, a man of 71 years, who spoke seven languages, pointed out all the places of interest. We saw the Schiller Stone, marking the place where Frederick Schiller wrote "William Tell." In Altdorf, a beautiful village, we stopped long enough to see the William Tell statue and the theatre where the William Tell pageant is enacted every Sunday. We saw many fine chalets and gorgeous scenery as we climbed up through the pass. There are 69 hair-pin-turns on the way up and the road is barely wide enough for two cars to pass. Our driver was a genius; he had to manipulate the eight gears and the many sets of brakes with which our bus was equipped.

We had lunch at the Furkablick Hotel, the highest point of the pass, and from there went on to the Rhone Glacier, a huge mass of ice, thousands of years old. It is an awesome sight, ugly, dead grey in color, but here and there, where the ice is thickest, there is a touch of lovely blue. We went through a tunnel of ice into the very heart of the glacier; an interesting but eerie experience. From here we took the Grimsel Pass, down more hair-pin turns to Interlaken.

Interlaken is not nearly as beautiful as Lucerne; it is a smaller town and seems to be completely smothered by the surrounding mountains. We are staying at the Hotel Royal St. George, very nice, but despite its grand sounding name is nothing like the luxurious splendor of the Burgenstock.

Today is the Swiss Independence Day; everyone (including ourselves) is wearing a tiny Swiss flag, and all the houses and buildings are gaily decorated with flags and lanterns. We hurried through dinner to get to the Casino to watch the parades, pageant and fireworks. At the entrance we saw the huge clock made of flowers (it actually keeps perfect time). The holiday mood of the Swiss was contagious and we had lots of fun. The fireworks were beautiful, but most impressive were the many fires and flares which were lighted in the surrounding mountains. Of course, Rossini's William Tell Overture was being played all over town, and the children recognized it immediately as the Lone Ranger's theme song (American culture?)

August 2

Today we were scheduled to take a trip to the top of the mighty Jungfrau (elevation 12,000 ft.). I was still a bit light-headed from the trip through the passes the day before and K. C. is definitely allergic to too much altitude, so we let the youngsters go off with the rest of the group and we spent the day browsing and shopping. Tomorrow is K. C.'s Birthday, and the girls left instructions to buy him a nice present. We felt like a couple of kids as we played tune after tune on the music boxes. We found an exquisite mechanical bird which we couldn't resist. Voila! daddy's birthday present! We had afternoon tea at a sidewalk cafe and watched the sun sparkle on the snow of the Jungfrau peak, high above us.

The girls came back about six o'clock, very tired but reporting a real fun day romping in the snow and ice. We had an early dinner, and after a short stroll went to our rooms to make things ready for our departure for Milan in the morning. We are fairly light travelers, but there is always some rearranging to do and of course the inevitable laundry. A thunder storm came up quite suddenly and we watched the flash-lightning illumine the mountains, as we dropped off to sleep.

August 3

We rose early and heard Mass at a nearby chapel. While Lucerne is almost 100% Catholic, only 5% of the population of Interlaken is Catholic, and the little church we attended was much like the churches in our summer resorts at home—built chiefly for the convenience of the tourists and vacationers. After a quick breakfast we boarded the train for Milan. The train is a good one and we had a nice compartment. Aside from our trip to Ireland, this was the first time on our own and we were feeling quite adventurous. Dr. and the girls were depending on my knowledge of Italian to carry us smoothly along until we rejoined our courier in Venice. I got out my phrase book and began to study like mad. We crossed the Italian border at 10:30 a.m., and immediately the architecture changed; instead of the wooden chalets of Switzerland, the country-side was dotted with stone or stucco, tile-roofed buildings. We arrived in Milan at 2:30 p.m. and were met at the station by an agent of the tour and taken to Hotel Cavalieri. It is a very beautiful hotel—ultra modern, with indirect lighting, lovely marble floors and terraza tile baths. We hurriedly freshened up and hastened out to see as much of this famous old city as possible in our short stay.

This metropolis of Lombardy is a fascinating combination of the new and the old. Milan suffered terrible destruction during the war, but the fact that she is the centre of commerce, manufacturing, and industry probably accounts for the amazing reconstruction work that has already been accomplished. We visited "Il Duomo," one of the most beautiful Gothic cathedrals in the world. It is truly magnificent, its many spires towering majestically over the city. On the tallest spire there is a golden statue of the Madonna, "La Madonnina" the Milanese call her. She is the protectress of their city. We arrived at the cathedral in time for Vespers, sung by a large choir of men and boys as they marched in solemn procession through the high aisles. They were singing the Vespers of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and as their beautifully blended voices rose in the Magnificat, we almost wept at the sheer beauty of it.

As a little girl I remember my father telling me about the glories of La Scala Opera House, and I insisted on having my picture taken in front of this famous old building so that I could bring it home to Dad as a mute apology for my lack of musical talent. We wandered about the city and felt very much at home; the people seem gracious, happy and courteous, and the Italian language sounded like music.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

An Educationist Looks at Latin

By Sister M. Hortensia

The school as an educational agency has attained, in our century, Gargantuan proportions. School education is essential for citizenship in the social structure in which the pupil lives. On this assumption objectives are set up, curricula are revised to meet the objectives, courses are devised to fit the curriculum, and text books are published by the million to implement diverse philosophies and please educators. As a result, the real purposes of education are obscured in this melee, and the expedient rather than the permanent becomes the norm. The gradual seeping in of materialistic philosophy has over-emphasized tangible and immediate outcomes of learning and, as a consequence, means have been mistaken for goals. We do not expect the needs of pupils to be the same today as they were at the turn of the century, nor that they can be met in the same way, but the product of Christian education is fundamental and the same. Father William Cunningham of Notre Dame University has given us a definition expressed in modern terminology which indicates the kind of person that education should produce. He says, "Christian education is the process of growth and development whereby the natural man assimilates a body of knowledge derived from human effort and divine revelation, makes his life-ideal the person of Jesus Christ, and develops, with the aid of divine grace, the ability to use that knowledge in pursuit of this ideal."

With Father Cunningham's definition in mind, my experience leads me to believe that the neglect to develop the intellect and sound thinking can be traced largely to this exchange of values with the discarded humanities and classical languages; and thereby the school, whose proper end is the inculcation of the intellectual virtues, has failed both the individual and society. Objectives, curricula, courses, books, are but means to an end. Integration lies not in material things but in the mind.

Curriculum revision, more than any other of the above mentioned factors, has been responsible for the substitution of the means for the end. Much time and thought is given, and rightly, to studying the offerings of other educational institutions of the country; however, too little attention is given to the examination of existing courses to see if they make up the distribution requirements essential for an educated person. Take for instance Latin. Latin is of both practical and cultural importance for the teacher. Practically, it enriches the vocabulary and is an aid to forceful writing; culturally, it is the source of some of the world's great literatures and the foundation of the Romance languages.

One of man's most important activities is the communication of ideas; its matter is words and its form intellectual. As a result, the

ability to read, to speak, to write, and to think is inevitably conditioned by vocabulary. The need for a precise vocabulary is more necessary in the field of education than perhaps in any other. It is unique, not because it has a specific vocabulary, but due to the fact that a vital portion of its terms derives its concepts from the philosophy of the person using it. The word "spiritual," for instance, has a different meaning for the person who adheres to the theistic philosophy and for one who professes a materialistic philosophy. Educators are continually challenged to define their terms or to fail to achieve common ground in the exchange of ideas.

Another medium for exchange of ideas is collateral reading. The good reader of collateral material needs to grasp thought from context accurately and quickly. One who is halted by the frequent use of the dictionary is limited both in the depth and breadth of his collateral reading experiences. Nearly sixty per cent of English words are of Latin origin; a student with a thorough knowledge of Latin roots, prefixes and suffixes, united to the declensions and conjugations to which the words belong carries his own dictionary with him. His vocabulary is precise because all definitions are eventually resolved to their etymological bases. His collateral reading is more effective because this knowledge of Latin, with some training, operates almost automatically in the formation of concepts. It is interesting to note on the television program "Noah Webster Says" that the contestants who use roots, prefixes, and suffixes in defining their words do so with accuracy and ease.

Secondary and elementary teachers are always concerned with extended meanings of terms in applied subject fields—the word "institution" in history and sociology can have different connotations—yet with sound basic concepts, the students can be trained to apply them appropriately within the specific subject; or, again, the etymological definition makes more sense to the elementary child than the descriptive or synonymous one—in geography the word "peninsula" defined as "almost (paene) an island (insula)" rather than "any piece of land jetting out into water" enables the pupil to recognize the Balkan and Iberian peninsulas with the same facility with which Lower California, Florida, and Italy are identified. Granted a knowledge of the structure of the vocabulary and language of Latin, one is fortified with basic concepts which can be extended to innumerable connotations either recognizable or applicable to a wide area of human thinking.

Were vocabulary building all that Latin has to offer to the prospective teacher, then a good course in word-analysis would be sufficient. The mental discipline that Latin demands in regard to both spelling and word order develops a keenness of observation that is an asset in all aspects of human living. Observation is the basis of attention and abstraction, without which one can think neither clearly nor independently. The words and idiom of a language are intimately related to the psychology of a people and this in turn is

a key to their culture. The significance of an understanding of the psychology and culture of the people of today's world is obvious if we are to love our neighbor as ourselves, for to love him we must first know him through the two channels of communication, thought and expression.

To demonstrate the influence of Latin on just one phase of culture—literature—is a broad task; however, thinking of the elementary and the secondary school teacher, there is one type of literature which is important for them and will illustrate our point. It is the myth.

Charles G. Osgood in his preface to *Classical Myths in English Literature* gives a charming example of a little boy running out to play, shouting,

Sun a-calling, Wind a-calling;
Coming, Wind! Coming, Sun.

A myth in embryo. Children love them because they are simple, imaginative, interesting, and full of life. They should have myths for sheer enjoyment and thus unconsciously develop tastes for literature through familiarity with them. More advanced pupils are intrigued by them for the myth clothes mystery in human shape—the sun, the moon, the storm, the sea; clothed in human or divine forms are the more intimate mysteries concerned with life—love, hate, wooing, war. These pupils should have them for the education of the imagination and for acquaintance with the beauty of language with which they are expressed—Galatea, playing beside Cyclops on the beach, can have much meaning for our swim-loving, imaginative adolescent pursuing and pursued by the waves when he thinks of the milk-white sea foam in the words of Theocritus,

She flies when thou art wooing her; when
thou woest not, she pursues thee.

An amusing incident involving both the cultural and practical values of Latin shows that apart from trade names and advertising, myths have invaded industry. A secretary in one of the Los Angeles motion picture studios telephoned one day for the story of a myth and a translation of a Latin phrase. The studio had sent out individual Christmas cards having a mythological illustration coupled with a Latin caption complimentary to the client. The studio was in serious trouble because an important stockholder had misconstrued his Latin phrase to mean "great in body" rather than "great in mind." The gentleman was quite corpulent! The error was diplomatically handled but it is an indication that even the business world needs a knowledge of myths. Finally, for the cultivated reader no argument needs to be put forth. To refer to Dr. Osgood again, myths serve to establish a community of mind, of imagination, and of life between the poet and his hearers, drawing the latter into a closer and more sympathetic relation with external Nature by humanizing her. To summarize—myths have become universal symbols.

Where does Latin come into this picture? High school and college educators have deplored the leisure time reading choices of students. Do we, or rather can we prepare them for anything better? The last thirty years has seen the teaching of literature move wisely from *teaching about* to *reading* literature. During the same period of time the requirements in language study have been lowered to the acquisition of the tools of language and no use made of them to explore the knowledge and beauty of its corresponding literature. English literature, in the case of Latin, has suffered appreciably from this. The influence of Ovid and especially the Dido Book of Virgil, with their richness of classical myths is evident in the writers from the Middle Ages down to our own times. Students are hampered by their ignorance of these mythological allusions and cannot enjoy much of the world's great literature. Lowering the language requirements necessitated the writing of mythologies, too often isolated in context, dry from lack of continuity, unrelated to literature, and representing a cafeteria sampling rather than universal symbols. Are not, then, English mythologies better than the crude translations of high school students? I think not. Both experiences were mine in high school and halting though the translation was, Virgil and not White's mythology gave me my love for myths and a valuable key to an appreciation for English letters. An informal survey conducted by a student teacher for a term paper, corroborated this opinion in a surprising number of cases.

By coincidence, Blancké Abraham's *General Principles of Language* which embodies many of the basic ideas included in this article, came to my desk just as the last pages were being written. It is a textbook for the secondary school, and a harbinger of hope for the restoration of the prestige of languages in schools and colleges, and, in particular, Latin. Through this restoration, thinking can become more critical, appreciations finer, reading more inviting, and the enjoyment of God's created universe both animate and inanimate, a richer experience for teachers and pupils. Practically and culturally, it seems therefore, that language study—preferably Latin—is essential for prospective teachers; for theirs is the task to transmit to youth what they value from the culture of the past, and to inspire youth with the values upon which the culture of the future will be built.

To Ireland

(Winner of a \$10.00 prize offered by "The Instructor" for a letter telling where one would like to travel.)

DEAR INSTRUCTOR:

I am writing to your questions, my reply
"Whither on my next vacation I would travel, likewise why?"
I would hie me back to Ireland, days I spent there, far too few,
Passed too quickly to accomplish half the things I hoped to do.
Skimming all the sights of Dublin, skirting through the Wicklow Hills;
To the ancient town of Wexford. How the memory of it thrills!
Driving out from fair Dungarven, seeking for Glenwilliam Grange.
'Twas my mother's mother's birthplace, that I sought; it was not strange.

Thence to Cork that charming city, circled by divided Lee.
Here we heard the Bells of Shandon ringing out so clear and free.
Stopped of course at Blarney Castle, though I did not kiss the Stone.
Marveled at the massive turret all with ivy overgrown.

On from there to Gougane Barra, bathed in beauty most sublime,
Blessed spot still holding traces of St. Finbar's Hallowed Shrine.

Then away to fair Killarney, through the gaps her lakes to view,
Every turn another vista, constantly our wonder grew.
Onward now into the city as the twilight shadows fall.
With the silence of the evening broken by the Church bells' call.
Through Tralee to Ballybunnion, sweeping strand and cliffs and caves
On the bluff a ruined castle keeping watch above the waves.
This the birthplace of my father, 'twas like coming home to me
As I pictured him a laddie playing there beside the sea.
Then our road wound up the Shannon, from Tralee to Limerick fair,
'Till we reached at last the Airport and our Clipper waiting there
Ten short days, but Oh! what beauty filled with joy the passing hours!
Rain and Sunshine, hills and valleys, tree girt lakes, rich grass and flowers
Thus I paid a hasty visit to the Ireland that I knew
From the stories of my parents, heard and cherished as I grew.
I arrived in Holy Ireland feeling I was home at last,
As I left her tears were starting like her skies now overcast.

If again I go to Ireland I'll go all the way by air
For the speedier my passage, more the time to visit there.
I would hire a car and driver, stipulating that he sing.
Place myself under his guidance feeling that he'd surely bring
Me to all her shrines so hallowed, through her beauties ever new.
West to East and North to Southward. Everywhere a changing view.
As I drank in quick succession all the grandeur of that land
I would listen to her ballads from a voice more sweet than grand.
I would know by raptures sweeping through me like a river's flood
That the skies of Erin were my own and my blood was Irish blood.

Very truly yours

ELIZABETH MANNIX

Scenes from Our Lady's Life

By Sister M. Dolorosa

I

BETHLEHEM

Nine months had passed since Gabriel's visit, six peaceful months at Nazareth. Yet the Scripture read, "Out of thee (Bethlehem) shall come forth the captain that shall rule my people Israel."

One morning in late December, Joseph left early to deliver to his patrons some completed orders. He tied the furniture on his donkey, and bidding Mary farewell for the day, he took his staff, making his way toward the business quarter.

Mary stood in the doorway, gazing lovingly after him until at a bend in the road, waving goodbye, he passed from sight. Then she turned back to her light household tasks, her heart aglow with gratitude to the Almighty Father who had chosen Joseph for her protector.

The winter's sun was now sinking earlier toward the horizon, hiding from sight in the steel blue mountain haze. As the twilight deepened, Mary set the simple evening meal, and drew up a bench, and a cushion that Joseph might rest in comfort after a tiring day. Then going to the window, she pulled back the shade, gazing down the road, in time to see him mounting the hill toward his home. Did his shoulders sag more wearily than usual? Was his step lagging?

Hastily throwing a woven scarf about her head, Mary greets him at the gate. Seeing the gentle solicitude in her eyes, he puts his arm about her shoulders, reassuringly. Then entering the house, he gratefully accepts the tender ministrations of his loved one.

As they eat their evening meal, he tells the happenings of the day. Simon the Pharisee had haggled at the price of a chair, in the making of which Joseph had spent many hours of labour. Yet, the peace loving carpenter yielded to Simon's greed, lest anger might further offend the Lord.

Reuben's wife had been ill. His meager living had been spent on her care. He offered a pittance and promises of a future settlement. Joseph refused the money. How could he take from those in want, the price of a baby's crib?

Mary's sympathetic pressure on his arm voiced her oneness in heart with him.

Nathaniel, greatly pleased with his table, had insisted that the price was too little, and forced the just man to accept more; then taking a piece of silver he begged that he might be allowed to offer

a small gift for the child, soon to come to them. "It is little," he said. "Perhaps it will supply the linen bands for his wee body."

Joseph, kissing his hand, accepted the bit of silver for the King of Kings—a gift made golden by a charitable heart.

Supper over, Joseph braced himself to break some troubling news. Coming down the main street of Nazareth he had noticed a motley crowd, some with clenched hands cursing; some turning away with pale faces and worried eyes. As he drew near, he saw posted on the wall, an imperial edict. Augustus Caesar, wishing to number his subjects had ordered that each family should register in the city of its ancestors. The mandate was imperative. Mary and Joseph must start at once on their toilsome road to Bethlehem, the city of David, a journey of many miles.

Strange are the ways of God. The vanity of a pagan conqueror is the instrument for the fulfillment of prophecy. No cloud dims the brightness of Mary's smile, as her eyes, reflecting Heaven's eternal depths, meet Joseph's gaze, troubled until she speaks: "*And Thou Bethlehem art not the least among the princes of Juda.*"

II

THERE WAS NO ROOM

Mary and Joseph make a simple hurried preparation to depart from their loved cottage. Tenderly he raises her to a cushioned seat on their gentle donkey. After wrapping a woolen mantle closely about her, he fastens to the saddle their little bundle, and a packet of food, figs, dates, and two small loaves, with a water skin hanging above. Then taking his staff, he leads the beast, as they journey into the night.

Slowly the miles fall behind them. From time to time, Joseph, with gentle hand lifts his spouse from the beast, that she may rest and relax on a grassy slope, in the shade of the spreading gray green leaves of a gnarled old olive tree. Eating sparingly from their little hoard, they refill the water bottle at a wayside spring, then journey on.

Suddenly far off, lights blink on the distant hillside. They are nearing Bethlehem. Joseph feels no apprehension though darkness is coming on. Among their many kinsmen they are assured a welcome. But no! Avarice that night was king, reaping a harvest from wealthy travellers, who were willing to pay any price for food and bed! From door to door they go seeking shelter. No room! No room! No room! Not even in the kahn, where beasts and their foals are feeding in the court.

They pass a shepherd's cottage. A mother and child stand in the open door. The child cries out.

"Is that a Lily in the winter's cold?"
 "A Lily? A maid, you mean from Nazareth."
 "But see! That light all shining in the pale moon's gleam!"
 "What light? I see a carpenter, his garments thin."
 "O, Mother, Mother, call them. Bid them in!"
 "No room! No room!" *"He came unto His own and His own received Him not."*

Slowly the exhausted travellers mount the hill path toward a cave. An ox was already bedded there, and fresh straw was in a manger. Mary and Joseph enter. Their little beast is tethered near the ox. Joseph strews some straw on the ground, a protection for Mary's feet. Then folding his cloak he cushions a small shelf jutting from the rock, a sheltered spot for Mary from the night wind.

Here on that December night, the Virgin rested. Encircled by the loving care of God the Father, brooded over by God the Holy Ghost, her spouse, the Hand Maid of the Lord waited for the coming of God the Son,—her Son, the Word made Flesh.

III THE SAVIOR COMETH

Joseph goes out to gather twigs for a fire near the entrance to the cave, for the hills of Bethlehem with sheep folds are troubled by wild dogs and marauding wolves. His task is scarcely finished, when there falls on his alert ear a sound of music, faint, at first, and far away, then swelling until the very skies tremble with song. Turning to see if Mary sleeps, he is startled by a light within their shelter. Hurrying to its entrance, he pauses on the threshold. Mary is kneeling. A heavenly light, blinding in its brilliancy, floods her countenance, ecstatic with mother's love. A tiny Babe is lying on the straw—the Light of the World,— and *"His face did shine as the sun."*

Joseph prostrates himself to the earth in silent adoration. An instant only, or is it an eternity? Mary stirs. Joseph sees only a tiny shivering babe. Mary wraps her mantle close about the little form, presses it to her bosom, and warms her new born Son with the burning love of her heart. The Mother—the Foster Father—the Incarnate God, teaching his first lesson. The world was made by Him, and the riches thereof, yet He suffers himself to be laid in a manger belonging to another. A linen band, a little straw, and two souls, every fibre of whose being is His own. It is enough. He is content.

*"A shepherd boy runs lightly o'er the wold
 A pitying tear falls on the frozen sod.
 A lonely cave—an angel's song—a star.
 A Lily bending o'er the Lamb of God!"*

A Grass Valley Saga

By Sister Ignatia, CSJ

TIME: *One morning in August, 1953.*

PLACE: *The little town of Grass Valley.*

INCIDENT: *Two little nuns walking along the hilly Main Street, enjoying the windows, bright with summer allure, and the procession of children and adults chattering and gaping.*

Grass Valley! The name suggests anything rather than mines and industry—but off in the distance against the pine-wooded mountains which surround Grass Valley, there is a blue smoky trail and the faint squeak of a saw mill.

The nuns turn and there, chugging up the steep hill they see a heavy load of timbers; the truck goes groaning and straining as it makes the hill top and the Bret Hart Inn on the north west corner. Bret Hart, the Forty-niners and the Gold Rush! That's it, the Gold Rush!

Right across the street the nuns see the old broken down buildings—high wooden fronts—faded green or red paint, and shabby sagging boards showing the brave effort to stand firm while newer and modern buildings push this way and that. Down the street a large dreary looking building bears the name, Holbrook Hotel, in large black letters way up near the cornice. The nuns look searchingly at the block—yes, it was once red brick, but has long since lost its character, bearing evidence of layer upon layer of a whitish paint which has mostly obliterated the honest brick. The windows are tall and narrow, and not too close together—you'd know the interior is dark and somber. The main entrance with its pedimented door is painted a dull grey, and has not a note of welcome.

The old timer walking along glances across the street also, and says reminiscently, "I remember many a fine ball there, but it wasn't because Nevada City had its way—always that rivalry there! But no matter how the Cousin Jacks and the Irish disagreed, they always got together to make a fine ball of it on the Fourth of July.—Those were the good old days! 'Mornin', Sisters'. The little figure hurries down the street, afraid to show the emotion which her memories have called up.

"Cousin Jacks," said the taller nun, "what does that mean?"

"Oh that was the name given to the English miners who came in droves from Cornwall. There was quite a rivalry with the Irish who started the trek to Grass Valley when Virginia City failed."

"Is that the place made famous by the great gold strike of Mackay and Fair?"

"Yes," said the little nun, "many a time I have heard my grand-

father tell the story. My grandfather sailed around the Horn, traveling by sailing vessel from Pennsylvania where he had settled when he came over from Ireland. There were four partners—Mackay, Fair, McGuire and Clift—the Clift Hotel in San Francisco still carries on that name. Mackay and Fair bought out the other two partners. Two weeks later the great strike—the Empire Mine was born. It is the deepest straight shaft mine in the world. The most astonishing thing is that it is still working and producing and is now owned by the Guggenheim Corporation."

"See that house over there? I know a story about that," said the little nun.

"You mean that old place where the gate is sagging and covered over with beautiful crepe myrtle?" said the taller nun.

"Yes, that's it."

"I was told by my Aunt Minnie that the owner was a very wealthy, eccentric old lady. Having no kin there was much surmising as to who the heirs would be. There was much bowing and scraping by friends and the various organizations of the town. When the old soul was found dead one morning and the will was read—she had left her entire fortune to found a home for cats."

"Grass Valley was a very colorful place in those days and things were done in a simple and straightforward manner. So an auctioneer shouting his wares for all to hear at a strategic corner on Main Street was not an unusual sight. Grandfather coming along in his buggy one morning looked over, and in a playful mood shouted, 'A hundred dollars for the carriage.' 'Knocked down to the highest bidder,' And the carriage was his. The thing was a two horse affair. What would he say to Grandmother when he got back to the ranch minus a hundred dollars, and a coach on his hands.

"Yes, there is a Catholic church, St. Patrick's," said the little nun in answer to her companion's question, "and on Church Street, by the way." The two were leisurely walking down the hill and the little nun was saying, "No, not the original church dating back to 1858. The Grass Valley Historical Society, headed by a few school teachers, among them my cousin Alice, protested loud and strong when the old building was pronounced unsafe. The Society remained unpersuaded and at considerable expense engineers were brought from San Francisco. Grass Valley Church was doomed. No sane Grass Valley-er would agree to an expensive repair program which might hold out twenty or thirty years—so a new and dignified modern church succeeded the old white Gothic wooden church so characteristic of the 1850's. Come, let's go in and make a visit, it's just around this corner."

The sun was bright and strong as the two nuns came out of the cool interior of the church, blessing themselves as they walked down the steps. They looked appreciatively at the scene spread out before them—the mountains, tiers on tiers with their dresses of pine in all gradations of green to grey, to foggy blue, as the distance grew.

The taller nun broke the silence—"Don't you think your Cousin Carlos could take us out to see the Empire Mine?" "No, I think it would be lots more fun to go out to Bloomfield," said the little nun. "My sister was born there and she is determined to visit Bloomfield this trip."

Carlos is at the curb, just as the hottest hours of the day are over and the two nuns with Uncle Tom in the front seat are on their way. The road is rough in places although Carlos points out that all the black top roads are done by their company, the County Engineers. Soon the nuns are holding their breath, the turns are steep but the scenery is magnificent. On and on, and up and up, they climb, and then in a clearing where the mountains make an opening and the pines are a younger growth, a vast and colorful scene spreads out

The little nun is eager to explain. "This is the scene of what was a tremendous project in the early gold days—the now vanished hydraulic mining. Those strange and seared peaks zigzagging across the encircling mountains are the now smoothed-off remains of what the huge nozzles have left after aiming at the mountains with all their tremendous water power—the water that carried down the stream the pure gold with which these mountains still abound. The outer covering of rocks and green growth blasted away, a grey limestone-like color is revealed. Time and weather have brought out the colors of the minerals in the soils and brownish, reddish and gold colored streaks work beautiful designs in the clear, pearly grey of the background.

The pines are slowly and perseveringly climbing up the slopes hoping to reach the summit where they once lived.

"Why don't they do hydraulic mining now?" said the taller nun. "Because," answers Uncle Tom, "the big rivers, the Sacramento, the Yuba, the Feather and the American, so important to this country, were being choked up, so the state outlawed hydraulic mining.

The car is near the little town of Bloomfield. It is nearly a ghost town now, but down what must have been the main street comes a friendly woman ready to give directions if asked. Her name—"Olive Kallenberger," she says. "Strange," says Uncle Tom, "I taught Wendell Kallenberger when I was a young teacher here. Could your husband be that boy?" "Yes. He is down in the hollow over there. We could go down there in just a few minutes," says our new friend.

Another rugged two miles down an unspeakably rocky dirt road, and there, in the clearing is the little old house where Wendell lives. Old before his time, with snow white hair, he comes toward the car and recognizes his elderly former teacher. Out under the pines is his bunk, draped in mosquito netting. There he tenaciously draws a little gold from the stream nearby. The two men stand looking at each other, the years slipping by, and all the old memories bright and new again.

The sun grows red and casts a glow across the whole western sky and the trees assume a screen-like pattern silhouetted against the vivid sky.

The car is on its way again, down and down from the 9000 foot ascent. The two nuns are very quiet now. Cousin Carlos has taken another road and proudly shows the miles of blacktop roads which are making this little village of ruins a mecca for summer vacationers.

"We must get an early start tomorrow morning," says the little nun. The taller one sighs, "I had hoped we could go back and examine, just once more, the wonderfully carved Indian in the little shop on Main Street. I'm so interested in wooden Indians." "No," says Lucy from the back seat—"that must wait for the next time."

PREPARATION

By Sister Anne Jeannette

*Evening etches
On a clean summer sky
The line of hills
Crouched and waiting.
Eucalyptus trees move
With a sleepy taffeta-rustle
Of rain-cool leaves.
Down the ravine tumbles
The laughter of a bird.
Night smiles
As she pins the moon-flower
In her hair.*

Letter from a Missionary

*St. Anthony's Convent
148 Makawao Street
Lanikai-Kailua
August 11, 1953*

DEAR MOTHER ELESIA,

We arrived in Honolulu at five to one, August the sixth. The Sisters were at the airport to greet us with leis, a real Hawaiian welcome. Saint Teresa's claimed the two Sisters from St. Paul. We reached Kailua at about two in the morning, which gave us four hours of sleep before the rising bell. We went to seven o'clock Mass at the church; later we all rested.

The weather has been hot, but it is beginning to cool a bit. The hottest day of the year was the day we arrived. August is the hottest month. The air is so soft and warm that it is hard to get a good breath of it. The scenery is much like what one sees on Chinese screens. The Pali, a long ridge of mountains, extends the length of the island. The only road that crosses it is between Kailua and Honolulu. A half-hour ride takes us up its steep, almost vertical side and then down through a beautiful, forested region into the outskirts of the city. A longer way, along the coast, passes Blow-Hole, Koko Head, Diamond Head, and Waikiki Beach. Lanai and Molokai Islands are just visible across a rough, choppy channel.

The water is shades of blue and green. Waves break full of blue light. Mountains rise from the sea with their black lava cliffs jutting out against the breaking waves. Quiet bays, protected by coral reefs, hold jewel-like waters.

Towns and cities lie on the flat coast lands. Surrounding houses and trees cut off the view of the ocean from our Convent. Coconut palms edge the coast, but other varieties of trees grow inland and along the mountains. The houses are raised a few feet off the ground and have sloping roofs which extend a good distance out from the walls as a protection from the sun and the many daily showers. Most of these mist-showers last only a few minutes. No one pays any attention to them. Even the cats don't go for shelter.

School begins September the first. Our hours are not as long as on the mainland, as we dismiss at two in the afternoon. On Friday we have permission to eat meat except during Lent. I thought Sister had forgotten when scrambled eggs with chopped ham were served for breakfast Friday morning.

Downtown Honolulu is a transplanted bit of China. Further out one sees more of the Occident. Toward Waikiki large modern stores line the wide highway. Large shopping centers with their adjoining parking lots are small hubs of trade.

The food tastes familiar. It is well prepared by our Korean cook, Mrs. Theodore. She has a daughter who is a nun at San Luis Rey.

The Sisters here are so considerate of me that I don't as yet feel at home. I had some pictures taken with my leis of flowers. I hope to send you one.

St. Anthony's Convent, modern, airy, and convenient, stretches back from the road. The school is in two units, which are separated by a lawn. The buildings are long and low. They lie parallel to each other. All the houses are surrounded by a margin of lawn. Grass is everywhere.

The red valley soil; the black and green of the towering mountains with shifting lights and shadows along their scarred cliff-like sides; the small, rocking islands wading knee-deep off shore are more for the artist's brush than for the camera. Beauty and the commonplace mingle unceremoniously. Wonder is mixed with disappointment. Where civilization has come there are slums and Used Car lots near old frame buildings, the royal palace, and beautiful Oriental temples.

People dress according to national taste. Modern clothes contrast with the long, loose Muu-Muu. White clad sailors wander along the streets of the city or crowd into rented automobiles to tour the island.

Kailua is quiet except for the roaring surf, the rustle of palm leaves, and the squawking of Mina birds. Our Convent smells of red wood which has been used throughout for all the wood work. Termites don't like it or else it is too hard for boring. Most of the inside walls are of concrete brick as are all the outside walls.

The two other convents on Oahu are not too far away. Friday and Saturday I spent visiting. I saw Sister M. Kevin and Sister Frances Margaret at Waipahu, and Sister Ann Christine and Sister Ann Bernadette at St. Teresa's. Sister Raymond met us at the airport. The Sisters are all happy and doing a wonderful work. Pray God that I may help continue the tradition.

Lovingly in Christ,

SISTER MARY ALBERTA

WE ARE FREE

By Mary Morris

*At last
Although we have
But little strength to smile
So weak with war are we, at least
We are free.*

A Question from Valja

By Sister Eva Frances

He looked nice sitting there in his big green chair by the window. "He must be reading the newspaper," Valja thought. He would fold his paper, take her on his knee as he did every night, if she would show him she was there. But it was hard to start talking. Maybe he wouldn't know the answer to the question she was so afraid to ask. But maybe he would. Ever since supper she had hidden behind the tall radio, thinking.

She remembered her First Communion Day at Holy Childhood Home, when she sat with the others at breakfast after Mass. Sister Rosaria was speaking to her, but she had tried on purpose to shut out her words.

"Valja, here are Mr. and Mrs. Scott, the nice new mother and daddy who are going to take you to their house to live. Aren't you going to say 'hello' to them?"

How tightly she had twisted her feet around the rungs of the chair and pushed another forkful of scrambled egg into her mouth!

"Say, that's a pretty neat medal you've got," the little boy had said. "Did Sister give it to you?"

She had raised her head up and down in a pouty "yes," but her eyes didn't lift from the sugar doughnut balanced on the edge of her plate. She hadn't meant to say it, but the words came out. "The others . . . they got prayer books. I don't got one."

The big man had pressed his thick black book alongside her hand. "Tomorrow we'll get one your size, a prayer book you can read."

The lady had smiled a little, too, but her face was all white and her hands were shaky when they touched her shoulder. Her voice was soft, and it had sounded good. "Let me arrange your veil, Valja, so it won't be torn. We'll want to keep your First Communion veil always."

"At your house?"

"At our house—if you like us and want to come and be our little girl."

"Now?"

"Not now, but just as soon as Mother Superior says you may come."

Stretching her legs under the table, she had dug her toes into the floor. "Don't want to go. Mother Superior—she my friend." She remembered that her eyes couldn't see very well for a minute and that the sugar doughnut had got wet.

Then Sister Rosaria had said something else. "Tears today, Valja? Our Lord wants you to be happy. You've made a home for Him today, and now He's making one for you."

"Don't want to go . . . don't like to move . . . I stay with you." Oh, the doughnut got so sticky, and she couldn't see anything. Why couldn't she make them understand that she didn't want to go? Three times she had already gone to live in new houses, to be other

people's little girl, but she had always come back before very long.

"It's because I don't know how to talk like they do," she thought. "Or maybe they would have liked me if I had brown curls instead of white braids."

But there had been something in their voices which made her sure she was going anyway. The little boy with the red hair that was flat on top kept looking at her and then saying things to his father, funny words that she couldn't understand. "Gee, Dad, she's even big enough to play third base. It's gonna be fun to have a sister."

So she had gone to be Tommy's sister and had started to Tommy's school. "Will my Sister be like Sister Rosaria?" she had asked as Mrs. Scott led her past the brick building down into the schoolyard. Then it had come.

All of a sudden her new mother had taken her by the hand and had begun to talk to her in such a grown-up way. "I know how much you love the nuns, dear, but you have to be a big girl now. You see, there are so many boys and girls in St. Philip's School that there aren't enough Sister's to go around. Miss Clarke loves the Sisters, too, so she's helping them by teaching in their school. You'll be in her class, in the second grade."

She had thought of breaking away and running till she could find Sister Rosaria and be sure she would never have to leave again. How much she had wanted to cry out, "No, no," but instead she had crumpled the sides of her blue poplin uniform into two perspiring balls above her knees and watched the line file past. Miss Clarke had spoken to her new mother, and she had marched into the second grade.

It wasn't so hard at first. Even though you didn't know all the words Miss Clarke said, you could watch the others, hang your coat up when they did, and put your new yellow pencils in the slot on your desk the same as the others. They all knelt down, looked up at the big wooden cross over Miss Clarke's desk, and blessed themselves. She knew how to do that. And when they turned toward the statue of the beautiful blue and white lady and prayed, "Hail Mary full of grace," she moved her lips in the Russian words her own mother had taught her when she was a tiny little girl on their farm across the big ocean. Mama had always kissed her and told her to beg the beautiful lady to protect their country and all the people of Latvia, to find her father, and to bring them all together again. She wondered if she should still ask for that. Papa had never come home, and some soldiers came and took Mama away with them. It was too long ago to remember everything, but one day she was put on a big boat and ever since she had been moving around to new houses and new schools.

"Oh, they're finished," she had realized, looking around. With her eyes closed she had been happy again; but now it was like the other times—questions she couldn't answer, books she couldn't read, and writing that was strange. Suddenly she decided she would fool them. She would not hear when Miss Clarke called on her to read,

and she would not copy her letters. She would poke the girl in front of her, talk when she was supposed to work, and then Miss Clarke would have to speak to her. Miss Clarke was pertty when she corrected her, and it was nice to have someone look especially at you and talk just to you.

She had learned to do that at home, too. When you acted as if you didn't care, people were different and wanted to be nice to you—like the day she got her new dress.

"Walk over to my dresser and turn around slowly so I can see if the skirt hangs straight." Mrs. Scott sat on the floor, sliding her fingers over the long yellow tape measure, and holding her head sideways against the wall.

"Look in the mirror, Valja, and see how your eyes match the pretty taffeta. That's why I picked out blue."

She remembered the cool, stiff feel of the heavy folds, but something kept her from saying she liked it. Maybe it was because it looked a little like the dress her second mother had bought for her before she wasn't her little girl anymore. What had the lady said? Oh, yes, it was, "Now she doesn't look much like a ref—" She didn't know how to say the word, but it must have had something to do with the reason why Valja didn't live with her any longer.

"It scratches," was all she could think of to say. "Is my old dress still in there?" and she had looked toward the closet. Then she felt sorry. Mrs. Scott was finding it hard to talk.

"Why, don't you like the dress I made for you, dear?"

She wanted to say, "Yes, she did," but her mind was mixed up. "Why you sew it?"

An arm was around her waist, and she was being pulled close, very close, the way Mama had done when she was saying goodnight. "This is why, Valja."

That had felt good. It almost made her sorry she had acted so badly about those green clothes hangers. Mrs. Scott went out and bought some pretty ones, and said she thought Valja would like them. "Let's play a game," she said. "I know it's hard for little girls to remember to keep their closets neat and hang up their clothes. So let's make believe we're salesladies in a store and take turns showing our dresses and then putting them in order on the rack."

It had been fun, but after what that big boy said, she had forgotten the game. "I wish I hadn't broken the hangers, though, and thrown them under the bed." Now maybe no one loved her. Tommy was already mad because she wouldn't play with Whiskers. The other night in the kitchen he kept telling her, "Look, Valja; look how cute he is when he crosses his front paws and droops his little ears." She had kept on sharpening her pencils.

"Here, Whiskers; come and get a cookie. . . . Make him beg, Valja . . . hey, what's the matter anyhow? Don't you like dogs? I thought . everybody loved Whiskers. Pet him and he'll know you want to be his friend."

"Don't want to." She had picked up her pencils and banged through the swinging door. Tommy couldn't see that Whiskers belonged there and she just—well, he'd find out.

But she did want to belong. It was a good feeling to sit on someone's knee at night and give 'rithmetic answers.

"How much are eight and four, Valja?"

"Twelve."

"Six and five?"

"Eleven."

"Nine and six?"

"Fifteen."

One time he had looked up from the book and surprised her by not asking the next number. There were funny lines over his eyes, and then he said, "Aren't you ever going to call me 'Daddy'?" She had turned away in a hurry and squirmed loose from his arms. At the first house she had called the man "Daddy," but after a while he brought her back to the Sisters.

"Don't got any father. Want to go." She had fled down the long hall, stopping just long enough to shake the black kitten's ear and wake him up.

Mr. Scott had made believe he hadn't heard her, but he listened hard when Tommy came in and told him what had happened down at the lot. She had crouched behind the door and listened, but she hadn't understood everything. Tommy said so many funny words, words that Miss Clarke never used in school.

"What's wrong with Valja, Dad? Gee, one minute she's O.K., and the next minute she's either running away or pulling Smudgy's tail."

"She has to get used to us, Tommy; that takes time."

"But she's always doing it. The other day after school I finally got her to go down to the lot. Gee, she looked swell in my Dodgers cap and the grey shirt with BROOKLYN on it. And what do you know, Dad, the first time she went up she hit a homer."

"Valja?"

"And how! Boy, the guys were all watchin' and they said, 'Hey is that your sister?' I say, 'Sure she's my sister. Pretty good for a girl, huh?' Then she throws down my cap and runs home. I don't get it, Dad."

"Don't try to figure it out, boy. Hurry up now, Tom. Go out on the porch and study your spelling. When you think you're ready I'll hear your words." It was last night that this had happened.

. . . But she had waited long enough. He was by himself now, and maybe he would know the answer. She squeezed out from behind the radio and put her hand on the back of his chair.

"Daddy." He would be surprised that she said it.

"Yes, Valja."

"Tommy said we're goin' on a ride Sunday. Where we go?"

Reaching over, he pinched her nose. "So Tom's been talking again! Don't you want to wait until Sunday and be surprised?"

"Am I goin' back then?"

"Going back? Back where? Why, just a minute!" He pulled her around in front of him. "My big girl isn't crying?"

"Please . . . tell me now. Am I goin' back?"

"Why, Valja, we're just going for a ride to Santa Barbara to see Tom's grandma. You didn't really think we'd ever let you get away from us, did you?"

She went a little closer, but her arms tightened. "Daddy, what's a D.P.?"

"A what? A 'D.P.?' Where in the world did you ever hear that expression?"

She didn't move, but she wouldn't look up. "That's what the big boy said the other day when Tommy let me play ball."

His forehead wrinkled, but he didn't say anything.

"Somebody asked Tommy if I was his sister and he said 'yes.' Then a big boy," the tears were getting caught in her throat now, "laughed and said I prob'ly wouldn't be around very long 'cause I was just a D.P." She threw her head against his shirt and pressed hard. "Daddy, please tell me. What's a D.P.?"

He sat her on his knee. "Well, it's like this, Valja. For different people, D.P. stands for different things. Some people say it stands for DISPLACED PERSON—that means somebody who's had to leave his own home and move to another country because of a very sad thing called war. That's probably what Tom's friend meant when he said it. But I'm going to tell you another meaning for D.P., and I think you'll like it."

"What is it?"

"Well, for your mother and Tommy and me, D.P. means a very DEAR PERSON. In fact, you're our favorite D.P."

"Then am I gonna be here forever and ever?"

"Forever and ever, Valja. You're our own little girl now. Are you glad?"

She wasn't crying now. "Tom!" She was down on the floor and racing through the hall. "Where's Whiskers? Let's give him a bath, and maybe he can go with us to see our grandma."

Maude

By Sister Dorothy Mary, CSJ

The first time I wanted to call her Maude was during an election. She was wearing a grey tweed coat and a stout pair of men's ber-room slippers ("No sense to wearing fancy shoes that don't fit."), and I watched as she held the receiver a little away from her ear and announced in her too-loud telephone voice, "Sam, this is Maude. You have the car here at nine thirty so's I can vote before the crowds start coming." Click. (Grandmother never wasted time on goodbyes.)

Sam was Grandma's brother-in-law, an amiable link with her past. Some of my first memories are of the summer evenings when we children used to sit on the front porch listening to their comfortable chatter about old times in New Mexico.

"Say, whatever happened to Ezra Cauthen's son—the one that had the ranch above ours?"

"Maude, remember the time the bunch of us rode horseback all night to make Tom and Bessie's house-warming? Seems like young folks these days just don't have the good times we used to have."

The one thing they never discussed was politics, and I wondered why Grandma's Favorite Subject was so carefully avoided. Usually, at the drop of a circular, Gram would launch forth with her views on "Vote Yes on 962," thumbing all the while a sample ballot, her constant companion before an election. About candidates, however, there was no discussion (if one were wise and wished to avoid the Issue). Grandma votes the straight Democratic ticket. Period. Anything contrary amounts to party treachery, an unforgivable sin, S.W.B.R., (Since Way Before Roosevelt).

We couldn't understand, then, why Grandma greeted Sam's exciting announcement that he was running for deputy sheriff with a non-committal, "That's nice, Sam. Have another glass of lemonade."

Later, his offer to drive her to the polls was accepted with, "I'll bring one of the children. They can't learn too young to vote." Voting, to my mind, didn't need much learning with Gram's simple formula, "Vote the straight ticket." And then, the day circled on our kitchen calendar, arrived.

Sam's long black sedan pulled up in front of the house, and Gram hustled me out from our vantage point behind the living room curtains. The car leaned heavily on the curb as she climbed in, pulled me in after her, and slammed the door shut. I listened, squashed and wide-eyed, as she gave him verbal back-slaps all the way downtown.

"Sam, no doubt about it, you're the finest man on the ticket. The city needs a man like you."

Sam just stood a little taller as he helped a sure vote out of the car and up the school-yard steps to the polls. Within a few minutes, Gram was back, smiling, and we rode home to the same tune of, "Yessir, Sam—the finest man on the ticket!"

As we sat on the front porch and watched him drive away, Gram eased off her stout brown bedroom slippers with a smug sigh.

"Yessir, Sam's a fine man. Too bad he's a Republican."

I wanted to call her "Maude" then, but Gram's law was firm and unchanging: "Most important thing children have to learn is respect."

Respect we learned, but with us living in the same house, Gram didn't have a chance to teach it from a rocker over her knitting and a quiet cup of tea like some grandmothers. Five grandchildren, three boys and two girls, made the frame house and sprawling back yard on Third Avenue a meeting place for the neighborhood clan, and Gram never knew at what time of the day the Light Brigade (or Heavy, depending on how many of the gang were over) would charge in the front door, pound through the living room, muddy her newly mopped kitchen floor and fly out the back screen door, leaving her to wonder how she would ever get at her sewing with all this commotion. For Gram, needlework was a necessary evil to be tackled, not enjoyed, and consisted of a hasty sewing together of holes in stockings, patching the boys levis (not uncommonly with a cotton patch), or sewing up torn sheets with black thread if there was no white.

But if she had no love for sewing, she did have for the ragamuffins who supplied her with mending; and that love reached out to every captain, general, and sergeant-at-arms in the Brigade, showing itself particularly around mealtime in her brusque invitations that filled our dining room table with more ragamuffins and one or two strangers thrown in for interest. ("You children sit down and eat every bit of this soup. New in the neighborhood, aren't you? My, my. What business is your father in?")

Sometimes when the rheumatism she never admitted having was bothering her, she would lean out the window and call us in to bed. To our playmates, her abrupt, "Isn't that your mother calling?" left no opening for a possible, "Naw, it's too early." An order from the Commander-in-chief meant disperse and in a hurry.

We were puzzled by her standard question-command, because we never heard their mothers calling. One thing was certain. When Gram called US home, we could never pretend we didn't hear. The first suggestion of sundown found her on the back steps, cutting the air for several blocks around with a half-dozen sharp hand claps; and as her high shrill voice reached the rubber-gun battlefield (Sonny Boy, it's getting dark. Get into this house. Sonee BOY!!"), a gangling twelve year old, captain of the School Patrol, would slink down the alley and into the back yard, making fierce plans to run away from home and join the Marines where men are men and call each other by their last names.

Grandma could stand most anything—measles by the fives, pitched blanket tents in the living room on rainy days, the proclamation that we wanted to buy a horse, and gee-why-not, Gram, our back yard is big enough for two horses. But one thing she couldn't tolerate. Monotony. When things got dull, she stirred up a little activity

on her own (I listened once with studied nonchalance as a girl friend described the look on the smartly dressed cashier's face at the corner drugstore as she watched Gram draw a long black stocking from her apron pocket, carefully unknot it, and let the required change slip out and clink on the glass counter.)

We knew when "Maude" had been on one of her little excursions, because after them, she would sit on the front porch chuckling to herself and humming her favorite tune, "Mary Lou, I love you."

I should have suspected something one Saturday. The neighborhood had been quiet for a week, Pearl Harbor news was calming down, and Gram was getting restless. I should have suspected, but I didn't. When she announced that we were going to get our sugar ration books, I skipped along beside her to the school three blocks up the street, unaware of any impending situation.

The lady who asked the questions and filled in the blanks was really very nice. She probably had three children of her own, belonged to the Ladies Auxiliary for Peace, and didn't really care personally if Gram was an American Christian Democrat. But when she asked, "Age, please?", she may as well have been a suicide pilot. "Maude" was ready for battle.

"Young woman, I never tell my age!"

"But, mam, it's only for the rec . . ."

"I don't care what it's for!"

People in line were straining to see what the commotion was all about, and I edged away, trying to look like I belonged to the lady on the right with the brown hat. No use. Gram pulled me close with one hand and waved her pocket-book with the other.

"My own family doesn't know my age, and I certainly don't aim to make it public now!"

I didn't feel like skipping on the way home. Gram didn't seem to notice.

"Imagine her asking me my age!!" Pause. Chuckle. Another pause. "Hmmmmmm. Mary Lou, I love you; eyes of blue, Mary Lou . . ."

We didn't hear "Mary Lou" too often because there was usually enough going on within a two block radius of Gram's chair on the front porch to keep her interested.

It was always to that chair that she returned to kick off her shoes to "speculate" in the sun for awhile about poor old Bertie who didn't look a bit well this morning, or about the Stoners over in the next block with eight children, another one coming, and Joe not making ends meet ("What them children needs is some home-made soup. Reckon I'll make up a pot and take it over.")

Not many families in the neighborhood escaped Gram's attention; if they did it was because they were leading quiet, nothing-much-ever-happens lives. But everyone having anything like a problem found in "Maude" a kindly friend, over-curious perhaps, but one they couldn't help loving, even though they didn't always understand her ways.

Mrs. Powell, with her membership in the Junior League and

frequent dinner parties for her husband's business associates, didn't understand "Maude" with her rough way of saying just what she thought. And "Maude's" hats doubtless presented another problem. Gram's aim of keeping the sun off her head while she "irrigated" the lawn enforced the rumor (much to her delight) that after all, "Maude" did have a knack for the unusual. One year it was a man's battered grey felt hat which she wore with the brim turned down all around ("so's the sun don't get at my eyes"); another spring it was my oldest brother's discarded Boy Scout hat ("Gee, Gram, what'll the fellas think?"). The only time she came close to being conventional and using a means to suit the end, still brought surprised grins on the faces of passers-by. That summer it was a white sun helmet she had acquired from her prospector friend, Mr. Ferguson.

Perhaps Mrs. Powell smiled too, and didn't quite understand. But she understood when she was in bed with the flu and "Maude" took charge of the week's wash and brought the two children over to our house for a few days till things got back to normal.

As I grew older, I began to notice a few changes in Gram. When I returned home after a year at college, her hair was a little whiter, her afternoon naps were grudgingly a little longer; but she still reigned over house and neighborhood with unchallenged authority.

I waited until evening when she had settled into her chair on the front porch to tell her my news.

"You mean you're running off to join a CONVENT?"

I couldn't see that I was running off anyplace, with the weeks of sewing and planning it would take before I could enter the convent; I was about to suggest this idea timidly, but Gram had already hoisted herself up from her chair. I expected a diatribe on bread and water fasts, and "You'll be sent off to one of them foreign countries where there ain't no iceboxes or plumbing."

What I got instead was Gram's explosive, "They'll take away your name first thing and you'll not be allowed the vote!"

I thought of Gram's friend Faye who was on the election board. Maybe...

But Gram was ahead of me, already dialing the number.

"We'll see about this," she said and then shifted into her telephone voice. "Faye? Maude. Say, do them nuns up by your place have the vote? Faithful every election? My, my." Click.i

Then to me, "This order you're joining have the vote like the Benadictees up by Faye's?"

"Yes," I stammered.

Gram settled down into her chair, eased off her shoes, and began to "speculate" how she would spread THIS item around the neighborhood.

"M' grand-daughter's going off to be a nun . . ."

("A SISTER, Gram. There's a difference. You see, a nun is cloistered, and a Sis . . .")

"Yessir. Going off to be a nun. With THE VOTE. Hmmmm. Mary Lou, I love you; eyes of blue, Mary Lou."

Five Decades

By Lillian Pereyra

I am a rosary; not a fancy one of cultured pearls or cut crystal, but just a plain one with black-dyed wooden beads. The corpus on my crucifix is a bit of pressed metal. Rosaries like me sell for 49¢ each at church bazaars, \$2.40 a dozen wholesale.

The fingers which placed 49¢ on the counter and picked me at random from the box were stubby and white. Colorless fingernail polish sparkled faintly from short-cut rounded neals, and traces of ink stains were deeply imbedded in the skin of the first joint of the middle finger of the right hand, as if a pen had rested there many times. The first finger of the same hand had a callus on its tip, as if from punching a comptometer for many years.

"There you are, Miss Barron," said a deep, well-trained voice, "nothing like having a rosary blessed right away. We don't see you often enough at these parish doings."

The fingers ran gently over my beads. "You know, Father, it's hard to get anyone to stay with my sister, and she doesn't like to be left alone after dark." Her fingers pressed my crucifix into her palm. "It isn't easy to be an invalid, and you know she is alone all day while I am at work. I-I would appreciate it if you would stop in to see her sometime, Father. I talked to her about the way she behaved that last time you came, and I am sure she is sorry and would like to see you again."

My beads had left deep dents in her thumb and forefinger where she had held tight to me as she talked.

She slipped me into the pocket of a loose tweed coat and there I stayed. Each morning after we boarded the bus and she sat down, her fingers would reach in for me, feel for the crucifix, and start the long trip around me. Each evening, pressed in among people on the packed bus, she would work her purse straps around her wrist, hold onto the back of a seat with one hand, and slip the other, grimy with carbon dust and often wounded with paper cuts, into the pocket where I lay.

We didn't visit many places, she and I. Each morning we made the trip down to the office and the shapeless tweed coat in which I stayed hung between form-fitting gabardines and soft, casual strooks. Cigarette smoke and conversation seeped through to me.

"Gimme a light, willya? Thanks. Sure needed this smoke. Old Barron made me so mad I almost quit in her face. She wants me to double check every cancelled check for the month. You'd think she owned the place the way she hangs onto the purse strings. I'll bet she knows more about what goes on around here than the old man."

"Well," another voice consoled, "She's only been with the firm forty years—ever since she left high school. It's been her life."

"Been her life! Heck, that old maid's married to the place. I'll bet she sleeps with a ledger under her pillow."

One day she slipped a handkerchief in beside me and let go of me ever so often to draw it out. About half way through the trip I became entangled in the handkerchief and as she drew it out, I came along too. Once free of the pocket I slid down into a crack between the seat and the side of the bus.

Hours later, the bus, with me still caught in the crack, drove into a shelter and the motor drumming under me stopped. After a pause someone entered the bus and I heard the rasping sound of a stiff brush scraping the synthetic leather finish of the seats. A stroke of the brush caught me up, and I dropped to the floor.

"Well!" said a deep contralto voice wearily and a little flatly as a hand reached down to pick me up. The nails were cracked, broken and dirty. The dark brown skin on the backs of the fingers was chapped and peeling, and the fingertips were rough. The deep lines running from her nose down to her mouth broke as her full lips smiled a little and she ran her fingers over my beads. She frowned when she found that one of my links had opened. Her face relaxed into weariness as she caught the open link into the loop at the other end of the strand and pressed it together with a stubby fingernail. This done, she slipped me over her head and I lay around her neck as she finished her cleaning job. Ever so often she would look down at me curiously or reach up to touch my beads.

"That's no necklace you're wearing," said a heavy bass voice a few hours later as my new owner slipped her coat off. "Those are praying beads the Catholics use, and that's the Lord on that cross."

Cold dirty hands gently lifted me up and over a bowed curly black head, and held me for a moment while troubled dark eyes studied the figure on my crucifix. I was placed on a bureau where from time to time a dark hand would reach toward me, pause, and touch something else.

With me on the bureau stood a bottle of hair grease and two milk-white plastic perfume bottles in the shape of old-fashioned ladies. Across the bureau from me, in a constantly-changing heap, lay bobby pins, gold hair clips, red and green glass pendant earrings, heavy gold chains, and a shedding rabbit's foot. Around me a deepening layer of dust gathered.

For days the only sounds I heard, except for muffled street noises and the erratic thumps of other tenants, were the voices of the two who had examined me. Both voices were oddly alike in their hoarseness, rising in sporadic bursts of passion and lapsing into the low monotone of bitterness, underscored always with weariness, a relaxed weariness that trailed into silence after them.

The atmosphere of those dark rooms was dominated mostly by smells; the slight suggestion of stench from inadequate plumbing served as the base for a blending of boiled cabbage, stale tobacco smoke, the acrid tang of gas, and the gagging effect of alcohol fumes exhaled from human bodies. These smells pressed down on me, pushing deep into the wooden pores of my black beads the blessing given at the church bazaar.

The light voice of a young boy cut across the pattern of sound one day:

"Good morning, ma'am, would you like to subscribe to the *Morning News*?"

"I ain't got no time to read newspapers, sonny. But say, don't ya live down at the corner over the grocery store?"

"Yes, and I'm trying to start . . ."

"You're Catholic, ain't ya?"

"Guess so. Go to catechism every Wednesday after school." Enthusiastically.

The dark hand reached quickly and decisively for me, and the voice, with animation, said: "I got somethin' real nice for you. There!"

The small scratched hand that closed over me was dirtier than the large dark one that had relinquished me, and I was immediately dropped into a large pants pocket which already contained three scarred marbles, a single dice, six beer bottle tops, each of a different brand, a rusty pocket knife, and a soft layer of sand at the bottom.

I worked my way through the objects down into the sand as my young possessor climbed stairs, knocked on doors, rang doorbells, and received varied responses to his "Good morning, ma'am, would you like to subscribe to the *Morning News*?"

Then we walked a long time in silence while his freckled hand rattled the bottle tops in the pocket in rhythm to the whistling of "Heart and Soul."

After a while the walking slowed, the hand disappeared, and a new beer bottle cap dropped in.

Suddenly another young voice, lighter and squeakier, hailed the cap collector:

"Hey, whatcha doin'?"

"Looking for beer bottle caps for my collection. Just found a dilly clear from Milwaukee." Pause. "I thought your Mom told you not to come out to the city dump."

The little voice piped: "Aw, that was yesterday. She didn't say anything about today. Look what I got."

"Looks like a plain old button and a piece of string to me."

"Sure, but watch when I put a finger in each end of the loop of string and pull. The button makes like a buzzsaw. See?"

The freckled hand reached in and pulled out the rusty knife. "Trade?"

"Nope. Betcha haven't got anything that goes that fast."

"Maybe I have," and the small thin hand began to feel among the caps and marbles. Dirty little fingernails dug into the sand and caught hold of me.

"Bet I can make this go faster than your old button."

I was looped around his slender forefinger and he began to twirl me, with my crucifix passing in great circles close to his delighted freckled face, barely missing his turned-up nose. He was so busy watching the path of the crucifix in its gyrations that he did not

notice I was rapidly working up his finger. I slipped off the tip of his finger and sailed in a wide arc into the middle of a pile of junk. Easily I slipped over a worn-out tire tube, down between some sticks of corroded iron, along the side of an empty oil drum, and into the dirt under it. From far overhead a plaintive voice was saying:

"It wasn't either my fault. It's time for lunch. I gotta go."

The late afternoon sun was working its yellow fingers into my hiding place when the iron rods over me were moved and a long red face topped with uncombed yellow-white hair appeared over the top edge of the oil drum, apparently studying it. A hollow exploratory thump made the drum roll completely over me so that I lay just beyond the scuffed brown toes of the shoes of a small stooped elderly man in grey wrinkled slacks and a brown tweed jacket with torn pockets. He stared at me for a moment, grunted, and carefully picked me up, in two pieces now.

He blew the dust off me, squinted for a moment at the two breaks in my links, and dropped me into one of the torn pockets in his jacket.

Then he turned and walked slowly away. After a bit his pace quickened until a voice, edged with sharp humor, called:

"Hi, Grampa! How were pickings at the city dump today?"

"Not so good, Bill. By the way, Bill, do you suppose I could have a loaf of bread on credit? My pension check should come Monday morning in the mail, and I'm getting kind of low . . ."

"Look, Grampa, it's going to take half of that check to pay for what you owe now. How do I know the state isn't going to get tired of paying you old guys to just sit around and loaf. Then I won't get any of my money back! And don't bother trying Mike's bar either. He says you can come in when you've got some money again."

He continued walking, slower now and with both hands in his jacket pockets. The fingers of one hand tentatively moved over my crucifix.

After going down some stairs and into a small, dark room, I was gently taken out of the pocket and placed on a bare table. Wrinkled brown fingers carefully laid me in a circle, placing the broken piece in position. Then he turned away and walked over to the single window in the room, which looked out on a low concrete wall and above it, onto the sidewalk. He stood there, looking out the window and hunched forward with his hands in his pockets, motionless, as the white daylight faded into the yellow light of a street lamp.

The next morning he picked me and a pair of pliers up, and stepped outside onto his doorstep to sit in the morning sun which made a warm pool at the bottom of the concrete well in front of his room. People walking by on the sidewalk above us tossed down greetings.

"Morning, Grampa, how's the rheumatism today?" "Good morning, Grampa, nice day, isn't it?" Or with a laugh. "No sense waiting for the mailman today, Grampa, it's Sunday."

Painfully and slowly he maneuvered the link around in the pliers until he could force it open to insert the loop and close it again

to connect my broken piece. Breathing heavily and squinting he straightened my other twisted loop and bent the broken link around it to make me whole again. After that he slowly counted each of my decades to make sure I had been put together correctly.

"Good morning, Grampa." A little girl in a white-trimmed navy blue coat stood at the top of the stairs. She had on a navy blue beret from underneath which golden ringlets spread in a sunburst over the collar of her coat. In her hands she held a small white purse and a prayer book.

A smile spread slowly over the old man's wrinkled face, smoothing out some wrinkles and deepening others.

"Look, I found something and I've been fixing it to give to you."

She ran down the stairs and stretched out pink chubby hands for me. "Oo, how wonderful! It's beautiful. But Grampa, why don't you keep it to say your prayers on?"

The old man changed his position on the doorstep a little and looked at me rather than at the child. "You say them for me, honey. I'm not very good at that sort of thing."

She ran me between her forefinger and thumb, as if she liked the feel of each bead slipping between her fingers, and said slowly:

"It's a real grown-up rosary, like Mama has. Thank you so much. I promise I'll say prayers on it for you, too."

I was placed in the little white purse in company with a folded white handkerchief and a dime intended for the collection.

A few hours later the chubby little hand reached in for me. "Look, Mama, what Grampa down the street gave me."

A well-modulated, deep-toned woman's voice replied:

"Betty, didn't I tell you to stay away from that old man? You can't tell what germs you might pick up from a person like that. What will the neighbors think of my daughter hanging around an idle old pensioner?"

By this time Betty was holding me up in front of her distressed little round face. "But, Mama, look what he gave me!"

In a lightning movement she snatched me from the child, and held me gingerly between two long slender white fingers, each tipped with a brilliantly red fingernail, while the other red-tipped fingers of her smooth hand spread out fan-shape away from me.

"Go wash your hands immediately and stop sniffing. You'll get a nice rosary for your First Communion and that's soon enough. Goodness knows what germs this dirty old thing has on it."

"But, Mama, I promised to say prayers for Grampa . . ."

"If you want to say prayers for anyone you can say them for Aunt Rose who is sick, or your Grandfather who passed away last winter. Now take off your hat, and if you stop crying you can watch television until dinner."

I was dropped into a red-laquered jewelry tray to settle down next to a matched pearl choker and a coat-of-arms medallion on a heavy silver chain. Over me towered two cut-glass bottles of cologne water.

During the week I lay in the tray sounds made an entertaining

pattern. Each morning I was soothed by the soft melodic organ music that separated one tearful agony-voiced radio serial from the next. Insistently ringing telephone bells and long, excited conversations on bazaars, club meetings, and bridge parties interrupted the staccato voices of the radio actors.

The smells were more soothing, too. The kitchen door was always kept closed, and the odor of old tobacco smoke and stale liquor fumes was almost completely drowned in the gentle persistent scent of bath salts and soft perfume.

The following Sunday morning, after black patent leather gloves were slipped over them, the red-tipped fingers picked me up out of the tray and dropped me into an envelope containing several religious medals, some holy cards, and a couple of pamphlets on "The Need for Christian Charity." The contents of this envelope were emptied a short while later into a box with a sign on it saying: "Religious articles for soldiers in Korea."

A knife cut into the darkness of the box in which I and about a dozen other rosarys, mostly cheap black ones like myself, lay tangled. A tired, sad face with a day's growth of black beard looked in and said:

"Was this all they gave you, sergeant?"

"Yes, sir. The rest of the supplies are only a day out of Seoul. Bad weather and an enemy raid slowed them up."

Even under his beard and the sadness covering his tanned face like a veil one could tell he was young, but his uniform was wrinkled, and the silver bars and crosses on his collar were tarnished.

He sat down on the running board of a jeep and began to untangle us, hanging each freed rosary on the door handle above his head. I was the last one in the box, and as he was working a knot out of me, a slight dark soldier wearing a helmet that almost hid his face and a pack thicker than the slender shoulders to which it was strapped, stopped in front of us, spread his legs out, hooked his thumbs into his belt, and said:

"Wish me luck, padre, this is it."

The hand holding me pooled me into its palm. "Maybe I'll just say a prayer for you instead."

"Have it your way. But we're moving up onto the ridge now."

The hand, palm up, extended me toward him. "Got one of these?"

"Hell, no. I leave the praying to you and the women."

"Go on, take it. It won't bite and it might come in handy. I heard the Colonel say they've been softening up this section of the ridge and might try a breakthrough."

"Aa, the Colonel is making like an old woman crying in his beer."

He peered down at me from under the enormous helmet, and the curl suddenly went out of the corners of his mouth.

"Okay, if it will make you feel better," and I was thrust down into a small tight pocket already occupied by a package of cigarettes and a pack of matches.

The next hours were accompanied by thunder, some of it so deep it seemed to be felt rather than heard. Breaking through it and

alternating with the riveting sound of lighter guns, came staccato shouts and we would move a little.

It was dark and damp when the thunder stopped, and quiet lay like a suffocating cloud over us. Then a voice above me said softly: "I don't care what that sergeant said. I gotta have a smoke."

Two fingers poked into the pocket, but instead of grasping the cigarette package, they closed on me, and held on.

"Say, Bud, I got a feeling those chinks are going to jump us."

"Yea, much too quiet."

The fingers that drew me out and pressed me into a sticky palm were trembling slightly. "Bud, you know how to pray the rosary? I should, but it's been so long."

"I'm not a Catholic, but I saw a movie . . ."

A scream, a lightning line of fire, an explosion, and the embankment above us rose and came down on top of us. The fingers holding me moved once, grew cold, and the final tightening of the muscles pressed my crucifix into dead flesh.

Foreign ground reaches six feet over me and the fingers which still hold me are slowly returning to the earth which shaped and sustained them. But I am content to remain here. I may still come in handy—to help plead a case when these fingers carry me before a Throne on Judgment Day.

Alumnae News

An invitation has been received to the wedding of MISS JUANITA CUSACK to Mr. Terence Patrick Quinn at Saint John's Catholic Church, Hubbardston, Michigan; also to that of MISS ELIZABETH TRONCY to Lt. Jack Barbee, at Sacred Heart Church, Prescott, Arizona.

Announcements have been received of the birth of a son, James Bernard, to Mr. and Mrs. John Cromie (MARGUERITA BIGGS), also of the birth of a daughter, Katherine Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Larry Murray (MARY JEANNE HOXMEIER).

Messages have come from a number of our alumnae who have been touring Europe. Among these are Mr. and Mrs. Ted Von der Ahe, DIANE D'ALFONZO, MARY JO RENNISON, PAT BOLLIG, BARBARA PIERMAN, and ARLENE RUSSIE. Mrs. Earl Carrothers (GLENN WINKLE) reported an audience with the Pope. Though a non-Catholic, Glenn was greatly impressed by His Holiness.

DORIS SCHIFFLEA attended the coronation ceremonies of Queen Elizabeth II, then continued her travels through Europe.

MARY ALICE CONNORS, employed in our diplomatic service in Greece, was present in Rome for the raising of our Cardinal to his high office. MARY ALICE, PHYLLIS TAYLOR and TERESA GIOVANELLI had a reunion in Athens. A card from Phyllis called itself the minutes of the first International Meeting of Mount alumnae.

MARGARET HLASTALA is studying social welfare in Washington, D.C. on a scholarship given her by Cardinal McIntyre.